

THE NEWS OF EUROPE.

ENGLAND IS WEARY OF POLITICAL DISCUSSION AND TURMOIL.

FRIENDLY INTEREST IN THE CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP—EXAGGERATED RUMORS ABOUT PRINCE BISMARCK'S HEALTH—FINANCIAL DEPRESSION—M. ZOLA'S VISIT—PROFESSOR JOWETT.

(BY CABLE TO THE TRIBUNE.)
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London, Oct. 7.—In default of political excitement the English public has this week found others both foreign and domestic. The coal strike, though an old story, is one. It is for a limited number another. The Church Congress for a much larger number is a third. Londoners find something to think of in the meeting of their highly remarkable council, which resumed its weekly sittings on Tuesday, and is about to enter upon the last of its adventures. The academic world and all the lettered public are in mourning for the Master of Balliol. The postoffice has lost its permanent secretary, Sir Arthur Blackwood, one of the most amiable and obstructive chiefs it ever had. The Church is about to gain, or seems likely to gain, the services of Mr. Tom Mann, a leading agitator among the laboring classes. Edinburgh and York have been entertaining the Duke and Duchess of York, and a loyal ferment has pervaded those two cities and the parts thereto adjacent. The rest of the Kingdom is remaining, however, tranquil. More important possibly than the royal festivities is the official announcement that the Manchester Ship Canal will be ready for traffic on New Year's Day. It is a handsome present to that great city, thenceforward to rank as a seaport. Every new, sound enterprise is the more welcome because the depression of English trade continues and extends. Money is cheap, the bank rate reduced, the deficit in the revenue, which is the commercial thermometer, exceeds six million dollars for the half year, and Sir William Harcourt's reputation as a financier is in some peril.

The Little England party are in distress over the disturbances in South Africa, and cannot understand why English soldiers and settlers should object to being murdered by the Matabele. Other eyes than Radical eyes are turned anxiously to Mashonaland, and this morning brings news of actual fighting. Sir Henry Loch, who rules South Africa with a steady hand and a level head, thinks the Matabele impis have got out of hand and mean to force the fighting. It is or may be a grave business for South Africa, though only one more "little war" for England.

The speculative portion of the British public with investments in Brazil and Argentina has had more excitement than it cares for. The muddle at Rio continues a muddle, and not even Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's picturesque narrative of the bombardment has made the situation clear to the British mind. The one comforting fact is that Brazil, with praiseworthy punctuality, continues to remit funds for the service of Brazilian loans. The Germans, we are told to-day, are moralizing complacently upon the spirit of diplomatic prudence which led Germany to decline joining the rest of Europe and America in those very curious and apparently not very successful measures of intervention at Rio.

Other foreign news, if not exactly exciting, presents points of interest. Spain has done a service to society by punctually executing the anarchist assassin, Pallas. Her military promptness contrasts favorably with some dilatory proceedings elsewhere. France divides her attention for the moment between M. Clemenceau and M. Cassagnac. The Radical leader, or ex-leader, driven from Parliament, takes to the press. He has long had a paper, "The Justice," never a great force, for M. Clemenceau in the tribune of the Chamber was a much stronger person than M. Clemenceau with an occasional pen in his hand. He is now undertaking to popularize his paper by halving its price and by editing and writing himself. He launches a manifesto. His purpose is to take command of the forces of discontent and apparently even of disorder, but the Socialists and Anarchists of Paris have leaders of their own, one of them a deputy, and they do not seem to respond eagerly to M. Clemenceau's appeal to come and be led by him. M. Cassagnac is as extreme on one side as M. Clemenceau on the other. He has been saying violent things for twenty years. He is now to be prosecuted for abusing General Saurat, the able Governor-General of Paris, whom M. Cassagnac calls an idiot. There is no more wisdom in prosecuting M. Cassagnac than in prosecuting the northeast wind.

The French are in ecstasies over the signing of their new treaty with Siam, which constitutes a third and more exorbitant ultimatum, based like the other two on the right of the stronger to plunder the weaker. France has now a grip on Siam which she can tighten as she pleases.

Every kind of unfavorable rumor about Prince Bismarck has been spread over Europe this week. He was said to have had a paralytic stroke, to be at the point of death, to have abandoned his journey to Friedrichshagen. His mind was enfeebled; he had no hope of leaving Kissingen alive. These and many more. It is hard to see with what object such stories are circulated. If they, or any of them, had been true, Dr. Schweininger would have been by his patient's bedside, and the family would have been there. Dr. Schweininger has been away all the week. Count Herbert Bismarck is at Schonhausen. Count William is in Hanover. Countess von Bismarck is at Hagen. This morning's news is that Dr. Schweininger arrives at Kissingen to-day and accompanies the Prince to Friedrichshagen.

The English eye is supposed to turn reluctantly to India, or at least indifferently, but the most careless are watching the movement of the mission of Sir Mortimer Durand to the Amir of Afghanistan. His mission is pacific, yet not without peril from Afghan fanaticism, which even so strong a ruler as the present Amir cannot control. Thus far everything has gone well, and the official reception of the British envoy is as handsome as Kabul can make it. Meantime the Vicerealty of India, one of the most splendid posts in the world, still goes begging. Lord Spencer could have it if he would, and Lord Roberts, I hear, though the precedents are against a soldier, is strongly backed.

The coal strike is probably nearing its end from exhaustion of the miners, but the prospect is still uncertain. The owners and miners have again refused to meet the other, have now agreed to attend a conference summoned by four or five mayors of great cities. This begins at Sheffield on Monday, and when it is over a better notion of the situation may be formed. Coal is scarce and dear. The great industries are suffering and the London coal ring is putting up prices in a way which leads even the long-suffering Londoner to use plain words. The usual attempt has been made to organize a coal strike in France and Belgium in aid of the strike here, but as usual without success. A considerable number of miners are out, but the

great majority refuse to join, and the French Government is acting with decision.

Seldom has there been a more complete lull in English politics than now. Mr. Goschen's reply at Edinburgh to Mr. Gladstone lacked neither point nor ability nor timeliness, but it does not rouse the country. Lord Randolph's return from partridge shooting with Baron Hirsch in Moravia and his reappearance on a political platform at Stalybridge in vigorous health excites interest but for the day only. The truth is, the strain of the long session has worn out public attention, and the unreality of the proceedings in the House of Commons has to some extent disturbed the belief of many in the seriousness of what, nevertheless, was and is a very serious crisis in public affairs. I mean by unreality the support of the Home Rule bill by a considerable section of the Gladstonians, who supported it only because they knew it could not become a law, but would be rejected by the House of Lords. The more fanatical section of the Gladstonian party consoled themselves in the belief that the Lords after their rejection of this bill would be discredited and were to be seriously attacked. "Through the Lords or over the Lords" was their motto. The fulfillment of these hopes has been adjourned. Mr. Gladstone is a far shrewder judge of politics, so long as he keeps his mind open, than any of his followers. He saw it would not do. He went to Edinburgh to pour cold water on the burning zeal of the Radicals. He has quenched it. They perceive, as the country perceives, that in the present state of public opinion an agitation for the overthrow of the House of Lords would result in the overthrow of the agitators. All Mr. Gladstone's criticism upon the peers was academic. It led to no act; it announced no purpose; it disclosed no policy. He would not have been the incomparable party leader he is if he had done any of those things. The country, as he well knows, is in no mood to destroy a legislative chamber which gives effect to the opinion of the majority of the country. By the word country I mean Great Britain. There is no sign of anger against the Lords, except party anger. The Gladstonian cause is not in peril. A few obscure politicians try to become less obscure by organizing a league for the abolition of the Lords, but caucuses are not the country, and the league is stillborn. The manifesto fell flat. The country is quiet. You do not hear of a single great meeting in favor of abolition or in favor of Home Rule. Not one of the signs by which in this country a strong popular feeling is denoted can be discovered. It would be idle to deny that there is among the Gladstonians, and especially among the Radicals of that party, a feeling of discontent and a still stronger feeling of discouragement. They have no choice but to abide by Mr. Gladstone's judgment, but they see slipping from them the chance, as they thought, of an effective blow at the Lords, the one remaining bulwark, as they imagine, against all sorts of Radical innovations. True, Mr. Gladstone holds out some faint hope that by and by, perhaps next year, he may be ready to lead that crusade which he now stifles, but the Radicals are the most impatient of mankind. They are impatient even though they know that their Chamberlain agreed substantially with what Mr. Chamberlain has been telling you in New-York, namely that the opinion of England is Unionist. They may not agree that a general election on the Home Rule issue would produce a Unionist majority of 100, but they have a secret dread that it would produce a Unionist majority. The proof of it is that neither they nor Mr. Gladstone are willing to go to the country on the Home Rule issue alone. The policy long since foredoomed to you is to be followed. Other measures are to be sent up to the Lords next year—Radical measures, English measures, Scotch and Welsh measures. Something which Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen really care about. These, or some of these, the Lords are expected to reject, and it is upon their rejection of such measures that an appeal is to be made to the people, and not upon Home Rule. What Mr. Gladstone hoped was to force such a dilemma upon the Lords this year, but it is now too late. There is not time and the political mind is apathetic.

The accounts cabled here of the Vigilant-Valkyrie match are fairly impartial, and so are the English comments. There has not been from any quarter a suggestion of unfairness. The feeling so well expressed on the American side finds an echo here—the feeling of true sportsmanship and of a coolly rivalry in which there is no element of unfriendliness. Nor is there any attempt to make out that England is not represented by her best champion, "The Times," which is an authority on yachting, says expressly that though the Britannia is superior in some points to the Valkyrie, the latter is undoubtedly better in all points of contesting the America's Cup. There is not here, except perhaps in yachting circles, a tenth part of the excitement over the match which prevails in New-York. There will, however, if the Valkyrie wins, be exultation enough to satisfy Lord Dunraven himself, and there is ample recognition of Lord Dunraven's energy and gallantry. England asks for no better yachting representative.

The world has this week been put in possession of a considerable number of Zola's opinions on England. It is evident that he takes himself and his visit very seriously. He seems unaware of the limitations upon his English welcome or how very narrow has been his view of any single side of English life, the outside excepted. He was the guest, it is true, of the Institute of Journalists, yet he has met a very small number of the leading journalists of England. He is president of the French Society of Men of Letters, but very few Englishmen of letters have approached him, and those not of the first rank. Whether he would have been lionized by society or by any important section of society is doubtful. The question could not be answered because society was dispersed. The Lord Mayor gave him a reception, which was attended by hardly any one whose name is for any reason familiar to the public. He neither speaks nor understands the English. These are the circumstances in which his opinions on England are formed during a ten days' visit. The experience was perfectly novel to him. He devotes himself to work in Paris and at his villa in the country. Knows nothing of the social life of Paris and has not travelled. What is valuable, therefore, in M. Zola's impressions of England is the photographic part of them. He saw some things clearly and, as well, taking his usual imaginative view, and, as usual, believing it to be realistic. One observation of value he has imparted to his fellow countrymen. He assures them that the English do not dislike the French, which is true. But they were too polite to allow him to see that they did not care much one way or the other. There remains the moral view of M. Zola's visit. This also out of politeness has been ignored, or was till his departure. Then it was pointed out that a rather remarkable though not general welcome had been given to the author of books whose English publisher had been prosecuted and imprisoned. The English press have shown themselves mindful of the obligations of civility, and little has been said in public, but it is widely felt in private that to invite the author of "La Terre" to Eng-

land was to lower the standard of morality and of decency.

The death of the Master of Balliol is the greatest loss which the higher education in this kingdom has sustained for a generation. Professor Jowett was pre-eminently a great teacher and a great college and university administrator. To overrate his services to Balliol and to Oxford would be difficult. To describe them in detail would require a volume; but he was the impersonation of that modern influence, and of those modern tendencies, the result of which has been at the same time to broaden and to liberalize university teaching. The growth of Balliol as a college is his work. The movement, or the working out of the movement, for the extension of university facilities, for what may be called in a high sense the popularization of the university, is largely his work. He had broad views and unwearied energy, devotion and generosity. He had sagacity also, and knew how to deal with men and with the world. Never a great scholar, in the technical sense, he made scholarship and true learning the ideal and the realized ideal of thousands of pupils. He was liberal in everything, in religion, in politics, in life. It was a genuine liberalism which followed principles, not men.

He was a Liberal who refused to surrender his convictions at the bidding of a party leader, and he remained a Unionist, but he never sought to be conspicuous in politics. The Church, the college, the university—to them he gave himself. He was a unique figure in all three, and he will long survive in the affection of those whom he trained and through them—for they comprise many of the ablest and best of a younger generation—he will continue to mould English thought and action.

G. W. S.

A TRUCE ARRANGED AT RIO.

ADMIRAL MELLO AGREES NOT TO KNEW THE BOMBARDMENT.

CANNON IN THE CITY TO BE DISMOUNTED BY THE GOVERNMENT—REPORTED WAR—ING TO PRESIDENT PEIXOTO.

Washington, Oct. 7.—The most important news concerning the Brazilian revolution since its beginning has been received by the Secretary of the Navy in a cable dispatch from Captain Pickens, the commander of the cruiser Charleston, at Rio Janeiro, as follows: "Admiral Mello, having been informed that the Government would dismount the guns in the city, said he would not again fire upon the place."

This undoubtedly means that the threatened renewal of the bombardment of Rio Janeiro has been abandoned, and it is supposed that the truce between Admiral Mello and President Peixoto was arranged by the commanders of the foreign vessels in the harbor. The full import of the agreement cannot be determined from Captain Pickens's telegram, but it is probable that its effects will be to transfer hostilities from the city to the coast, and that it is not unlikely that it means the arrangement of an amicable agreement that will end the war.

But on April 10, Oct. 7.—A report is current at Rio Janeiro that the diplomatic body has warned President Peixoto that if his forces are not withdrawn from the capital by Sunday the foreign powers will recognize the insurgents as belligerents.

MOORS IN FORCE AT MELILLA.

THE VILLAGE SURROUNDED BY FOURTEEN THOUSAND WILLAHEIM MEN.

THEY OCCUPY STRONG POSITIONS ON THE HILLS—SKIRMISHING DURING THE NIGHT—WAR FEELING IN SPAIN.

Madrid, Oct. 7.—The Moors have reappeared before Melilla. During the night they cut trenches along the crests of three hills at some distance from the fort, but on Spanish territory. They have a strong position, which can only be taken by a charge across a stretch of open country. As they are well armed, the Spaniards will hardly be able to storm the position before receiving large casualties. Many of the Moors are still in reinforcements. They are occupying the works, and the strength of their skirmish parties and the reports of the Spanish scouts indicate that their total force is at least 14,000.

There was considerable desultory firing during the night, especially when the Moors occupied the Sidi Quasheh fortress, which had completed, has been abandoned by the Spaniards. The first shots were fired by the Moors. Three Moorish ships have been captured. A dispatch from Malaga says that while the steamer Sevilla, which brought away the wounded from Melilla, was proceeding along the coast she was fired on repeatedly by Moors. One sailor was wounded.

The Spanish gunboat Tarifa yesterday afternoon seized a small vessel with a cargo of rifles and flour, bound from Gibraltar to ports on the Moroccan coast. Although the vessel carried the British flag, her cargo was declared contraband of war and she was brought back to a Spanish port. The Government had requested the Governor of Gibraltar to prevent as far as possible further attempts to ship arms to the Moors.

There is great enthusiasm at Malaga, where the troops are working for Melilla. The quays where the transports are moored are crowded all day with thousands of cheering men and women. The harbor is alive with all sorts of craft, from which enthusiastic parties shout encouragement to the troops. The Bishop is at the quay, and the municipal authorities of Seville have voted to bear the entire expense of attending upon, recovering and assisting the wounded from Melilla.

The Spanish fleet now maneuvering off Santa Cruz de Tenerife, the nearest large port, the fleet will be reviewed there, and then will be sent to cruise off the coast and between Tetuan and Melilla, with Algeciras as a base of operations.

PRINCE BISMARCK LEAVES KISSINGEN.

ENTHUSIASM FOR HIM THERE AND ALL ALONG THE LINE TO FRIEDRICHSHAGEN.

Berlin, Oct. 7.—Prince Bismarck left Kissingen for Friedrichshagen on a special train, at 11:40 o'clock this morning. Thousands of visitors went to Kissingen last night or early this morning to bid the Prince goodbye. Flags and flowers decorated the windows along the route to the station to-day. From the time he stepped into the carriage with his wife until he alighted at the station, the Prince was cheered constantly. The train station was decorated inside and outside with flags. The public were not admitted, but an enormous crowd gathered in the open space behind the building. The front of the locomotive on the special train was covered with a large German flag, and the director of traffic, in uniform, rode with the engineer.

Prince Bismarck wore a long black overcoat, a white handkerchief and a large black felt hat. When he alighted from his carriage at the railway station in Kissingen he was supported by Drs. Schweininger and Chryander. They at once conducted him into the station and almost lifted him into the train. Prince Bismarck stood at a window until the train started, and frequently lifted his hat in acknowledgment of the repeated cheers of the crowd. He appeared to be deeply touched. His lips moved as if he were speaking, but his voice could not be heard even by those near by. Just before the train started several bouquets were handed in to Prince Bismarck. The departure of the train was the signal for another outburst of cheers and wishes for a safe journey. The same enthusiasm and veneration was displayed all along the line. People everywhere were eager to catch a glimpse of the ex-chancellor. In the main, however, he followed the advice of his physicians and refused to see anybody. All the stations between Kissingen and Friedrichshagen were decorated. The train reached Hanover at 3:30 p. m. and passed through the city rapidly without stopping. At Friedrichshagen the Prince's homecoming was somewhat unexpected, as information of his departure had not been received there until the train had passed. The servants in the Bismarck household refused to believe the news until the newspaper reports positively assured them that they would soon see their master.

VICTORY FOR THE VIGILANT.

THE FIRST RACE IS HERS.

AT THE FINISH THE VALKYRIE IS MORE THAN SEVEN MINUTES BEHIND.

A BEAUTIFUL DAY AND A FINE CONTEST.

ON CORRECTED TIME THE AMERICAN BOAT WINS BY FIVE MINUTES AND FORTY-EIGHT SECONDS—THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE GO OUT TO SEE THE FIRST STRUGGLE FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE AMERICA'S CUP—HOW THE GREAT YACHTS WERE HANDLED.

The evening sun yesterday shone on a victorious Vigilant and a defeated Valkyrie. Lord Dunraven's racing flag followed that of C. O. Iselin across the finish line, and the name of Herreshoff is still great over the world. The race was the first of the series for the possession of the America's Cup, and the hopes of American yachtsmen, which were so low after the fizzle of Thursday, to-day soar as high as the American eagle can fly. The doctrine of manifest destiny is evidently a sound one, and the great trophy, now for the ninth time being competed for, seems to have a new lease of its American existence. It is not now quite time to sound the peacans of victory, but it is time to get the golden trumpets ready.

The Vigilant, the great defender of a great Nation, went forth in beauty and in power yesterday, and far beyond the dim headlands of the country which gave her birth swept with her towering, shining sails over seas that seemed to lure her to victory. The day was fair and the wind was light. Thousands went out to see the race, and they saw it. It was not like the dispiriting fiasco of Thursday, and while it was not a race such as it is hoped to give the British boat before she returns, it was still a race enough to get some sort of a line on the Valkyrie, and to enable an intelligent yachtsman to go out to see the rest of the races with some sort of confidence in the result.

That the boats are, on the whole, pretty evenly matched, was apparent yesterday. The Valkyrie is fast, but apparently not quite fast enough, for the Vigilant is faster. Strange to say, in the race of yesterday the Vigilant did better when she was reaching nearly close-hauled on the wind than she did in running. It has heretofore been supposed that the English boat would beat the American off the wind and be beaten by her on the wind, and it has been "argued out as such." But theories did not work well in the race of yesterday, though the result was all right.

If there had been more wind the race would have been perfect. No more beautiful day ever shone on the waters, and a brighter sun never looked down on a more beautiful scene as the stately yachts and the great flotilla which accompanied them swept over the thirty miles of rolling water which was the course and the place of the combat. Early in the morning the air was heavy with mist, and the winds seemed uncertain whether to blow or to go to sleep, but by the time the race was started the clouds and mists had rolled away and a wind came gently blowing out of the west. The old swell which had tossed and pitched the boats about in Thursday's fiasco was still rolling in from the eastward, but otherwise the seas were smooth.

The race was started promptly on time, and both boats were well handled. The Vigilant was the winner by five minutes and forty-eight seconds. At the outer mark she was eight minutes and six seconds ahead of the Valkyrie. If the wind had hauled more to the southward, as the Vigilant evidently expected it to do, she would have been a winner at the finish by considerably more than she was. However, as she won, "life" and "buts" have no place in the story of the victory. Her prahs shook the waves when, at the finish, guns and whistles and the shouts of thousands hailed her triumph. The race was fair in every respect, and while the defeat of the Valkyrie was not overwhelming, it was had enough to give cause for American jubilation.

The two yachts were towed out to their battle-field on the open sea early in the day, and when the tide of excursion steamers poured down the shores of Sandy Hook, they had cast off their tow lines and were gliding eastward, waiting for the signal which was to send them on their ways of victory and defeat. The wind was light, but was freshening a little, and the Regatta Committee decided that the race could be made within the six-hour time limit, so the flagship May signalled that the course would be fifteen miles to leeward and return. Then came a wait which seemed long in the minds of the anxious yachtsmen eager to see the two boats in conflict, but which was in reality short. Finally the preparatory gun was fired and the yachts began to maneuver for position. The wind was from west by north, so the course was east by south. A tug had been sent out to place the turning mark, and down the broad and shiny waves the pathway of the boats lay toward the coasts of Spain.

At 11:25 the starting gun was fired. The Vigilant and Valkyrie were both close to the line at the time, the British boat slightly in the lead with the Yankee on her starboard hand. Spinnakers were broken out, and dead before the wind the two yachts went. They both set balloon jib topsails, that of the Vigilant drawing splendidly and every inch of it pulling. The Valkyrie's jib topsail did not draw so well and was not so big. The British champion at first seemed to draw away from the American, but it was only for a moment that she seemed to do so, and then the American began to move with a speed that was wonderful, considering the light wind. In ten minutes after the start she had overhauled her antagonist and went away all by herself, sliding for the outer mark over

the rolling and glittering waves, while farther and farther behind the Valkyrie lagged sorrowful on the sea.

The wind now began to haul to the southward, and at 12:25 the Vigilant took in her spinnaker and set her forestaysail. The Valkyrie held on to her spinnaker for about three minutes longer, and then hers, too, came in.

Now the two boats, their great and lofty sails towering white and gleaming in the bright sunlight, went under mainsail, spinnaker, jib topsail and clubtopsail for the outer mark. There are few handsomer things in the world or on the waters thereof than a yacht forging along over a bright sea, drawn by two great sails, spinnaker and balloon jibtopsail. The sunlight sifted itself through the great sails and made combinations of light and shadow which no artist could paint, or would dare to if he could.

And all this time the Vigilant was drawing away from the Valkyrie. There had been five seconds' difference in the time of their crossing the line in favor of the Valkyrie. Now there were as many minutes in favor of the Vigilant, and the distance between the two boats was steadily increasing. It was no longer a question of which boat would win, but of how much the Valkyrie would be beaten. As those maidens of the Norse mythology, from which the British boat takes her name, followed the heroes at a distance in the battles and waited upon them in the halls of Odin, so the Valkyrie followed the Vigilant and was her handmaid. Strong of snowy wings and swift of gliding keel, the Vigilant moved on to where the red and white striped flag on the rocking buoy marked the end of the first half of the race.

At 1:30 the Vigilant took in her spinnaker and set her fore-staysail. Shortly after the

spinnaker of the Valkyrie came in. This was because the wind had hauled to the southward and spinnakers could not be carried to advantage. The yachts set fore-staysail and jib, and took in their balloon jibtopsails. They were now approaching the mark, and set No. 2 jibtopsails. The Vigilant showed the way round the mark, and then both yachts, on a close reach, started for home.

The times of the boats at the outer mark were as follows:
Vigilant 1:50:50
Valkyrie 1:58:36
The elapsed time of the boats taking the start as at gunfire was as follows to the outer mark:
Vigilant 2:25:50
Valkyrie 2:33:36

If the actual time of crossing is taken, there would be a difference of ten seconds for the Valkyrie and of fifteen for the Vigilant, for the Valkyrie actually crossed the starting line at 11:25:10, and the Vigilant at 11:25:15. However, officially the boats both crossed the starting line at 11:25, for such is the happy system of one-gun starts, which save considerable figuring.

On the way to the outer mark the boats sailed free, either running or on a free reach. The wind had hauled so since the start that when they got around the outer mark they had a close reach home. They were almost close hauled on the way back. They both stood pretty high for the lightship, the Vigilant especially working far to windward. She evidently expected that the wind would haul still more, in which case she would have had a considerable advantage of position.

The wind held as it was, however, until the finish, and the Valkyrie made the shortest and most direct course back to the lightship, and gained a little on the Vigilant. But it was too little to affect the general result. The Valkyrie did her best sailing on the way home and surprised the American yachtsmen by the way she held her position, not sagging off like the Colombia, but seeming to have a grip on the water to keep her in position.

There is little more to tell of the reach home. Both victor and vanquished were cheered and saluted at the finish, and it seemed hours after the Vigilant had passed the lightship before the Valkyrie got there. To the people on the water it must have seemed years.

The boats finished at the following times:
Vigilant 3:30:47
Valkyrie 3:38:23
The elapsed time of the boats from the outer mark to the finish was as follows:
Vigilant 1:39:57
Valkyrie 1:47:43

Thus the Vigilant beat the Valkyrie by seven minutes and thirty-six seconds on actual time and by five minutes and forty-eight seconds on corrected time. So was the race sailed and so won, in sunshine and in seas that should have belonged to summer time. The friendly foes met on a great arena, where often before the destinies of the great yachting trophy have been decided, and fought their battle out before the eyes of thousands, and victory became a sweet little chorb, and perched up aloft on the topmast of the Vigilant.

The next race will be sailed to-morrow. It will be over a triangular course, beginning and ending at the Sandy Hook Lightship. The course will be of three miles, ten miles for each side of the triangle, and will be so laid out as to make the race as close as possible. Continued on Second Page.

CORNELL'S JUBILEE DAY.

EXERCISES OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE UNIVERSITY'S CELEBRATION.

EMINENT MEN GATHER IN ITHACA TO HONOR THE INSTITUTION—SPEECHES BY CHANCEY M. DEPEW AND OTHERS.

(BY TELEGRAPH TO THE TRIBUNE.)

Ithaca, N. Y., Oct. 7.—At 8 o'clock this morning there was a salute of twenty-five guns on the campus to mark the beginning of the second day's programme of the quarter-centennial of the opening of Cornell University. This was followed by the playing of the chimes in the tower of the library from 9 to 10 o'clock, when the literary exercises in the lecture-room began. The general reception and reunion last evening showed that many of the invited guests were already here. Chaucey M. Depew, the orator of the day, accompanied by his son and General Daniel Butterfield, reached here last evening from Syracuse, where they had been attending the Republican Convention. The day dawned brightly with a moderately fresh breeze blowing, and there was no fog to obscure the picturesque view from the campus of Cayuga Lake and the valley in which the town nestles. The lecture-room of the library was crowded, the cadets acting as ushers. President Schurmann occupied the chair, with many invited guests, university trustees and representatives of the faculty grouped upon the platform around him. Conspicuous in the front row was ex-Governor Alonzo B. Cornell, son of the founder of the university. An orchestra in the rear of the hall furnished music. The exercises were opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. W. D. Wilson, after which President Schurmann in a few simple and appropriate sentences introduced Mr. Depew. There was prolonged hand-clapping as the orator advanced to the reading desk. The lecture-room, though capacious, is admirably planned for easy hearing by those in the audience of all that is uttered in a conversational tone on the platform. Mr. Depew's manner was unusually grave and impressive. His outline of the career of Ezra Cornell, from its humble beginning, and with its steady aim toward the most beneficent accomplishments for humanity, though adverse periods, when completely obscured as to cause the future philanthropist to become an object of ridicule, deeply moved his auditors. His references to the power of the holders of immense fortunes to adjust by their own disposition of such trusts the economic questions, the solutions of which is an extraordinarily vexatious task, especially in a Republic, called forth frequent and prolonged applause.

General Stewart L. Woodford and ex-President Andrew D. White are the only survivors of those who composed the original board of trustees at the foundation of the university twenty-five years ago. General Woodford spoke. His brief address consisted of a tender and pathetic retrospect of a quarter of a century of time, during which Cornell University had triumphantly advanced from the humblest infancy to a maturity exceeding all expectations, and with a future before it of extraordinary promise. He also paid touching tribute to the memory of those who were identified with the university through liberal endowments.

The Rev. Dr. Anson J. Upson, Chancellor of the University of the State of New-York, delivered a pleasing address, and was followed by Professor G. C. Caldwell, who spoke on behalf of the faculty. Congressman Joseph C. Hendry caused much merriment in a speech representing the alumni in the programme. Then Professor Burt G. Wilder was presented with a commemorative volume by Dr. Theobald Smith on behalf of the former students of Professor Wilder. A commemorative volume, consisting of the history of Cornell, was presented to the university through President Schurmann by Professor Ernest W. Huffcut. The benediction was pronounced by the Rev. S. H. Synnot.

A banquet was served in the gymnasium at 2 o'clock and about 500 persons, consisting of invited guests of the faculty and alumni, both men and women, participated. President Schurmann presided. The toasts were as follows: "The University," by S. D. Halliday; "The Faculty," Professor T. E. Crane; "The Commonwealth," the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew; "Sister Institutions of the East," President Seth Low, of Columbia College; "The Earlier Students," the Hon. H. D. McMillan, of the alumni; "Theology and Education," General A. C. Barnes, of the trustees; "Practical Education," Andrew Carnegie; "Sister Institutions of the West," President Cyrus Northrup, of the University of Minnesota; "The University and the Press," St. Clair McKelway; "The Education of Women," President James M. Taylor, of Vassar College; "The College Graduate and the Man of Affairs," the Hon. Oscar S. Straus; "The Later Alumni," Seward A. Simons. A number of college songs were sung during the progress of the dinner.

The celebration programme will be finished to-morrow. It consists of a sermon at 11 o'clock in the morning by Bishop W. C. Doane, of Albany, and commemorative services at 7:30 p. m. in the evening. President Cleveland accepted an invitation to be present at the exercises to-day, but was obliged at the last moment to forward his regrets and good wishes. The Rev. Dr. Elphinstone Nott Potter, of Hobart College, who had promised to be present and to speak, telegraphed this morning his inability to come. Henry W. Sage, though present in person, was unable to attend in person. In the banquet, at which he was to respond to the "Trustees," on account of temporary indisposition. Frequent references to the former president of the university, Andrew D. White, now abroad, were made, and the enthusiasm with which the utterance of his name was greeted gave evidence of his popularity with all identified with the history of the university.

(For Mr. Depew's speech see Nineteenth Page.)

THIRTY-ONE NEW CASES AT BRUNSWICK.

ONE DEATH FROM YELLOW FEVER ON ST. SIMON'S ISLAND—INSPECTING THE SMALL TOWNS.

Washington, Oct. 7.—Surgeon-General Wyman, of the Marine Hospital Service, to-night received a telegram from Surgeon Murray, at Brunswick, Ga., announcing thirty-one new cases of yellow fever there to-day; twenty-five of the persons attacked are colored, and six are whites. There was one death to-day on St. Simon's Island, that of Eugene Dart.

At Jessup one new case has been declared and one person sent to camp. Surgeon Carter has reported to the Surgeon-General from Waycross, Ga., that he had perfected the train inspection service, and has begun the inspection of the small places in the infected region. He has found Johnston, Ga., free from yellow fever.

DEATH OF MRS. LISPENARD STEWART.

ONE OF NEWPORT'S OLDEST AND BEST-KNOWN COTTAGERS SUCUMBING TO PARALYSIS.

Newport, R. I., Oct. 7.—Mrs. Lispernard Stewart, of New-York, who was stricken with paralysis on Thursday at her summer home here, failed rapidly, and died at an early hour this morning. Her sons, Lispernard and William R. Stewart, and her daughter, Mrs. Frank S. Withers, of New-York, were present. The body will be taken to New-York to-morrow in a special car.

Mrs. Stewart was Miss Mary Rogers Rhinelander, a daughter of the late William C. Rhinelander, a wealthy merchant of this city, from whom she inherited a large fortune, as well as one from her husband. She was connected with many of the oldest and best-known New-York families. Her home in this city was at No. 6 Place Vendôme. For many years she was an invalid. Mrs. Stewart's health during the summer had been so good as to make her sudden death a great surprise.